Madame Audoux? Yes, I shall write that one up, because I played no part in it. It's odd, but I have no desire to write, or more exactly, I *cannot* write a story except when I am out of it altogether."

We talk of death. He says he does not fear it. I tell him of my continual "expectation of the worst/'

"I understand that very well," he continues; "but . . . no, I know nothing of that feeling. . . ." He is silent a moment; then softly: "And that's because I have always lived the worst. Yes, the only surprising thing that could happen to me is happiness.'*

He says this without any pose whatever, just as naturally as he said all the rest.

I have a sort of respect for lehl. That is to say that I need his esteem.

This Sunday morning the weather is beautiful; I go out at about eleven, take a bus at random, then another one to get closer to the rue Beaubourg. Still full of lehTs stories, I want to *check* on the places. I arrive at the rue Etienne-Marcel, find the rue Rambuteau, finally the rue Beaubourg, the sorriest and most amusing of streets.[10] But it is late and I can only glimpse what I promise myself to return and see this very afternoon.

At two o'clock received a visit from Andr6 Beaunier, who tells me about Petersburg and Moscow.

At three o'clock I return to the Saint-Martin quarter and prowl until nightfall in extraordinary alleyways full of disreputable or shady hotels in which I lodge all the mystery that I should like to know. (Rue de Venise, among others.) Then to the Morgue; wonderful Quai d'Anjou (the Lauzun house, etc.). Quai de Bethune; Notre-Dame. Numbers 1 and 3 on the Quai d'Anjou, that's the house I should most like to live in.[11]

January

I bring back to Em. an admirable "Captain Christy," which, all evening, provides as much pleasure as a picture. Calm evening. Em. is reading the Goncourt brothers* *Outamaro. I* play Cesar Franck and then read *Les Hommes de lettres,* in order to learn how not to write.

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January

The Captain Christy has opened out; very vulgar; absolutely "risen from the ranks/* as Em. says.

[10] Until 1939 the narrow, filthy streets of the Saint-Martin quarter with their Renaissance houses were among the most picturesque in Paris. This section haf now been remodeled. [A]

[II] The Quai d'Anjou and the Quai de Bethune are on the charming lie Saint-Louis, behind Notre-Dame.